

Luc. Thanks gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-staine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Live againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad *Andronicus*, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euent.

Luc. See him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Households Monument:

As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pity,
And being so, shall haue like want of pity.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IULIET.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.
Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Montague*, moues me.
Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montagues*.

Greg. That shewes thee a weakie slaue, for the weak-
kest goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Montagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall. *(their men.)*

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?
Samp. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it.
Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st bene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee
Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run,

Samp. Feare me not.
Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.
Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs sir?
Samp. I do bite my Thumb, sir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?
Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my Thumb at you sir: but
I bite my Thumb sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?
Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir. *(as you)*
Samp. If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man
Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.
Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.
Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow. *They Fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues*, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partisans, strike, beat them downe
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Montagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old *Montague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Montague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*, Hold me not, let me go
Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Montague*,
Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Cast by their Graue besecming Ornamentes,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

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